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# The Tudor Facsimile Texts

[Vol. 130]

*Under the Supervision and Editorship of*

JOHN S. FARMER

# The Longer thou Livest the more Fool thou art

*By* W. WAGER

[c. 1568]

*Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of*

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

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*By* W. Wager

*Date of earliest known Edition* . . . . . *c.* 1568

[*B.M.*, *C.* 34, *e.* 37]

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# The Longer thou Livest the more Fool thou art

*By* W. Wager

[c. 1568]

*The original of this facsimile is supposed to have been printed c.* 1568. *The Stationers' Register has the following among the entries from July* 22, 1568, *to July* 22, 1569 (*Arber's Transcript*, I. 386):—

> "*Recevyd of Rychard Jonnes for his lycense for pryntinge of a ballet* the lenger thou leveste the more ffoole thow iiij d."

*There is record of two other plays by W. Wager (who must not be confounded with Lewis Wager, the author of "Mary Magdalene"). One, "'Tis Good Sleeping in a whole Skin," is said to have been destroyed by Warburton's servant; of the other, "The Cruel Debtor," till recent years the only known leaf was C. iii. in Bagford's collection o title-pages and scraps among the Harleian MSS. Mr. Edmund W. Gosse, however, came across a double leaf, D. and D.* 4, *among Mr. W. B. Scott's black-letter fragments. These three leaves will be included in the first volume of facsimiles of Dramatic Fragments already announced in this series.*

[*In this connection the Editor will be pleased to receive information of, and suggestions concerning other fragments of a similar kind that it would be desirable or useful to include in the three volumes of fragments at present contemplated.*]

*Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the MS. Department of the British Museum, after comparing this facsimile with the original* (*C.* 34, *e.* 37), *says* "*it is admirably done.*"

JOHN S. FARMER.

# A very mery and

Pythie Comnedie, called The longer thou liuest, the more foole thou art.

A Myrour very necessarie for youth, and specially for such as are like to come to dignitie and promotion: As it maye well appeare in the Matter folowynge.

Newly compiled by VV. VVager.

IMPRINTED AT London, by Wyllyam How for Richarde Johnes: and are to be solde at his shop under the Lotterie house.

# The Players names.

Prologue.
Moros.
Discipline.
Pietie.
Exercitacion.
Idlenesse.
Incontinencie,
Wrath.
Fortune.
Ignorance.
Crueltie.
Impietie.
People.
Gods iudgement.
Confusion.

Cfoure may playe it easely.

{The Prologue. Exercitacion. VVrath. Cruelie. Godder Iudgement. } for one.

{Moros, Fortune. } for another.

{Discipline. Impietie. Incontinencie. Confusion. } for another.

{Pietie. Ignorance. Idlenes. People. } for another.

# The Prologe.

ARiſtophones as Valerius doth tell,
Introduceth Pericles in a Commedie,
That he being reduced, againe out of Hell,
Vnto Thathenienſes did thus prophesie.
Bringe vp no Lyons in your Cities wantonly,
For as you bring them vp in actes pernicious,
So in the ſame you muſt be to them obſequious.
By this ſaith Valerius he doth admoniſh,
That rich men ſonnes be from euell manners refrained
Leaſt that with profuſe fondnes we do them noriſh,
Vertue of them euer after be diſdained:
So that when authoritie, they haue obtained,
They them ſelues being giuen to inconuenience,
Oppreſſe their ſubiectes vnder their obedience,
Oh how noble a thing is good education,
For all eſtates profitable: but for them chiefely
Which by birth are like to haue gubernation,
In publikque weales, that they may rule euer iuſtly:
For while the Romanes did forſee this matter wiſely,
They had a wiſe Senate which preuailed alway,
And that being neglected, they fell ſoone to decay.
To be a good man it is alſo expedient,
Of good Parents to be begotten and borne,
In deede to all men it is moſt euident,
That a pleaſaunt Roſe ſpringeth of a ſharpe Thorne,
But commonly of good Seed procedeth good Corne,
Good Parents in good manners do inſtruct their childe,
Correcting him when he beginneth to grow wilde:
The bringing vp of a childe from his tender age,
In vertue, is a great helpe to be an honeſt man,
But when youth is ſuffred to haue his owne rage,
It falleth to much calamity now and than:
I would wiſh Parents and Maſters to do what they can
Both to teach and correct their youth with reaſon,
That it may profit the publique weale an other ſeaſon.

To helpe hereto good Schoole Maisters are necessarie,
Sage, sober, expert, learned, gentle and prudent,
Under such Maisters youth can neuer miscarie,
For either they refraine euils with good aduisement,
Or to occupy the minde good lessons do inuent:
To youth nothing in the world is so pernicious;
As to be conuersant, with maisters lasciuious,
Bringing vp is a great thing, so is diligence,
But nothing, God except, is so strong of Nature,
For neither councell, learninge nor sapience,
Can an euill nature to honest manners allure:
Do we not see at these dayes so many past cure,
That nothing can their crokednes reclame,
Till they haue destroied them vtterly:
The Image of such persons we shall introduce,
Representedby one whom Moros we do call,
By him we shall declare the vnthriftie abuse,
Of such as had leuer to Folly and Idlenes fall,
Then to herken to Sapience when he doth call:
There pracesse, how their whole life they do spende,
And what shame they com to at the last ende:
Wherfore this our matter we entitle and name,
The longer thou liuest the more Foole thou arte.
Are there not many which do bereue the same?
Yes I warrant you, and naturally play that parte,
Yea, euen from the Iudgment seat vnto the Carte:
But truly we meane no person particularly,
But only to specifie of such generally:
Wolsom lessons now and than we shall enterlace,
Good for the ignorant, not hurtfull to the wise,
Honest mirth shall com in, and appeare in place,
Not to thaduauncement, but to the shame of vice,
To extoll Vertue without faile is our deuise,
A season we shall desier you of patience,
And to make you mery we will do our diligence.

FINIS.

Here entreth Moros, counterfaiting a vaine gesture and a foolish countenance, Synging the foote of many Songes, as fooles were wont.

Moros. BRome, Brome on hill,
The gentle Brome on hill hill:
Brome, Brome on Hiue hill,
The gentle Brome on Hiue hill,
The Brome standes on Hiue hill a.
¶ Robin lende to me thy Bowe, thy Bowe,
Robin the bow, Robin lende to me thy bow a:
¶ There was a Mayde come out of Kent,
Deintie loue, deintie loue,
There was a mayde cam out of Kent,
Daungerous be:
There was a mayde cam out of Kent,
Fayre, proper, small and gent,
As euer vpon the grounde went,
For so should it be.
¶ By a banke as I lay, I lay,
Musinge on things past, hey hoo.
¶ Tom a lin and his wife, and his wiues mother
They went ouer a bridge all three together,
The bridge was broken and they fell in,
The Deuill go with all quoth Tom a lin.
¶ Martin swart and his man, sodledum sodledum,
Martin swart and his man sodledum bell.
¶ Com ouer the Boorne Belle,
My little pretie Belle,
Com ouer the Boorne belle to me.
¶ The white Doue sat on the Castell wall.
I bend my Bow and shoote her I shall,
I put hir in my Gloue both fethers and all.
I layd my Bridle vpon the shelfe,
If you will any more sing it your selfe:

Discipline. O Lorde are you not ashamed,
Thus vainly the time to spende,
Your friendes by you are defamed;

I would

I would haue you this geare to amend:
What, to a good age now you grow,
It is time childishnesse to forsake,
I would finde somwhat to do I trowe,
And not like a foole such a noyse to make,
Goyng vp and downe like a witlesse Boy,
Singing and bellowing like a dawe,
If you will not amend this toy,
We will bring you to an other awe.

Moros. I haue Twentie mo songs yet,
A fond woman to my Mother,
As I war wont in her lappe to sit,
She taught me these and many other,
I can sing a song of Robin Redbrest,
And my litle pretie Nightingale,
There dwelleth a iolly Foster here by west,
Also I com to drink som of your Christmas ale
Whan I walke by my selse alone,
It doth me good my songs to render,
Such pretie thinges would soone be gon,
If I should not somtime them remember.

Discipline, Gaudet stultis Natura creandis.
Nature hath a pleasure Fooles to creat,
Vt maluis atque vrticis & vilibus herbis.
As Mallowes, Nettles and weedes of that rate,
Hu sunt obtuso ingenio crasso cerebro.
These are dull of wit and of a grosse braine,
Et nihili pendunt animi bona depeci ludo.
And set at nought Vertue geuen to pastime vaine,
These verses I may on you verefie,
Except you will take an other way,
I would be glad your manners to reforme,
If you wold heare what I will say,
For shame I say yet againe,
Forget your babish vanitie,
Folly and vice you must refraine,
And giue your selfe to humanitie,

I am

Moros. I am good at ſcourging of my Toppe,
You would laugh to ſe me moſel the pegge,
Upon my one foote pretely I can hoppe,
And daunce trimly about an Egge:
Alſo, when we play and hunt the for,
I outrun all the boyes in the ſchoole:
My mother gaue me a Boule of Bor,
Alone I am to handle ſuch a toole
I can com ſoftly behinde a Boye,
And giue him a blow and run away:
My mother teacheth me many a pretie toy,
You ſhall know what they be one day,
When to fight & my father thou doeſt purpoſe
Plucke him vpward by the heare ſtill,
With thy knockles ſtrike him on the noſe,
Let him not goe till thou haue thy will.

Diſcipline. Quales q̄ſque ſibi natos eduxit habebit.
As one bringeth vp, his Children ſaith he,
So ſhall he haue them, wiſe or without wit,
Therfore parents are to blame as here we ſee
But to you now I pray you tell,
Be theſe the beſt leſſons of your Parents?

Moros. No forſooth I can ring the Saunce Bell,
And fetch fier when they go to Pattins.

Diſcipline. Better it were to haue no education,
Then to be inſtructed in any part of Idolatry
For there is no part without abhominacion,
But all together full of ſectes and hereſie,

Moros. Nay I can more thē that, harke in your eare
To call him knaue I go not behinde the doore
Be bold & my father and do not feare,
If thy mother anger thee, call hir whore.

Diſcipline, Without doubt ſuch lewde perſons there are,
And this is the cauſe that ſo many euill men,
Now repleniſh the earth with ſorrow and care,
Not one good man is ſcarſly among ten,
Let this vngracious and fooliſh perſon,

Bee as an Image of such bringing vp,
Like to be as vnhappie a patron,
As euer dranke of any mans cup:
For the loue that we owe to mankind,
And chiefly vnto Christianitie,
We will proue to alter his minde,
And bring him to humanitie.

Pietie. All haile right honorable Discypline,
Well occupied euer more I do you finde
Instructing one or other with doctrine,
According to your Naturall kinde:
Which is both comly manners to teach,
And also to minister correction:
If all men vnto your precepts would reach,
Soone should be clensed all infection.

Discipline, O welcom Pietie, the doore of all vertue,
In you consisteth gods honour vertue and loue
Without the which no good thing can ensue,
As by the christian Poet we do proue:
Hoc sine Virtutis alias nihil est putato,
Without the worship of God omnipotent,
Which learned men properly call Pietie
Other Vertues be they neuer so excellent,
Are esteemed but as things of vilitie.

Entre Exercitatiõ And as vertu, is no vertue without Pietie
So without the same, vice can not be eschued
Pietie is a trew honor of Gods maiestie,
Wherwith christians should be endued,
God to worship, to loue, to feare, to praise,
His holy commaundements to obey:
To be occupied in his lawes nightes and dayes
This properly is called Pietie I say.

Moros. By my troth if you wil can me good thanke,
I will bring you to a pretie Birds neast,
Verely I thinke it be a red shanke,
She is white in the taile, and blacke in ỹ breast.

Discipline. The longer thou liuest the more Foole ỹ art

Thy

The more inſtruction, the leſſe Sapience,
Grace will not enter into a fooliſh hart,
Iniquitie ſtoppeth out intelligence,
To you Pietie, and Exercitacion,
Of ſuch folly, I haue admoniſhed him:
But I can haue none other communication,
So vainly haue his parents norriſhed him.

Pietie. Thus the Chriſtian Poet to wright was wont,
Without induſtry, all things mortall,
Naturæ inſcitu, ſponte ruunt.
By very nature, vnto vice do fall:
But as we ſee by experience,
A barren Field is made fat and firtle,
If men will adhibit their diligence,
And labour about it a while:
So though this yong fellow, be fooliſh as yet,
With labour and diligent admonition,
He may in proſſes of time, learne wit,
And be willing to take erudition.

Exercita. Vertue hath very hard entraunces,
But ready is the way vnto vice:
And there to fall we all, not by chaunces,
But willingly if we be not ware and wiſe.
Now wheras the Lads education,
Hath ben rude, fooliſh, fond, and vaine,
Let vs giue him good information,
And to proffit him let vs gladly take paine.
Diſcipline, do you ſtill your indeuer:
To cauſe him perfectly to know Pietie,
That is: God to ſerue, to feare, to loue, to honour,
And his Parents to obey with humillitie.
Then you know: that I Exercitation,
According as I ſhall ſee his aptnes,
I will exerciſe him in good occupacion,
Wherby he ſhall eſchew Idlenes.

Moros. In S. Nicolas ſhambles ther is inough,
Or in Eaſtcheape, or at Saint Batherins,
There be good Poddings at the ſigne of the Plough.

You neuer did eate better Sauserlinges.

Discipline. This folly is not his Innocency,
Which can in this wise, lewdly ouerwhart,
But it is a malicious Insolentie,
Which procedeth from a wicked harte.

Pietie. Com hither brother, com hither:
Your name to me you must disclose.

Discipline. His folly his master did consider,
And therfore called him nothing but Moros.

Pietie. Moros is a foole by interpretacion
But wisdom goeth not all by the name,
He that is a foole in conuersation,
As a foole in deede we may him blame,
I know som that be named happy:
And som good, blessed, and fortunable,
Yet truly there be none more vnlucky,
Worse more wicked and vnprofitable,
And though Moros, a foole doth signifie,
Yet you may be wise as I trust you will,
If you will serue god as you ought dilligently,
He shall giue you wisdom, if you pray still.

Moros. I may tell you, my Father did like me well
I am the wisest child that euer he had,
Often times I haue herd him say or tell,
My boy Moros will proue a wise Lad.

Exercitation. If you can remember your fathers saying,
Why can you not remember good lessons as well:
You may not set your minde vpon playing,
But apply your selfe to Disciplines counsell.

Discipline. My counsell is that you feare God aboue all:
Pray vnto him to giue you Sapience,
Cease not vpon his holy name to call:
Be meke in spirite, fast and kepe abstinence,
His Ministers, Priestes and Preachers,
Such as rule the holy Church Catholique:
Obey I meane such as be true teachers,
Companie not with any Heretike.
An Heretike, him holy Doctors do call,

Which

Which erreth in Gods moſt ſacred Scripture,
Which is blinde and ſeeth not his owne fall,
But maliciouſly doth in errour endure,
The greateſt Hereſie that euer was,
Hath the Pope and his adherentes publiſhed,
Yea the Hereſie of Arius it doth paſſe,
For Chriſte and his benefites it hath extinguiſhed,
Example by the wicked Maſſe ſatiſfactorie,
Which to Chriſtes death they make equiuolent,
For they call it a Sacrifice propiciatorie,
Which is an hereſie moſt peſtilent.
Agayne, prayer to Sainctes that be dead,
Which is a great poynte of infidelitie,
For they forſake Chriſte which is the head
Who taught to worſhip in ſpirite and veretie.

Exercitation. Can you recite wiſely agayne,
Diſciplines counſell and monition.

Moros. Can I? yea I trow I can and that playne,
If you ſuffer me without interruption,
Firſt he ſaid beare an od ende with an all,
Play now and then in thy maſters abſence:
Ceaſe not a knaue by his right name to call,
Much on the Spitte is paſt abſtinence.

Diſcipline. Loe you here what a patron this is,
Thinke you that he is not paſt grace.

Exercitation. Yet I ſay, he that hath wit to do this,
May turne to Vertue alſo in ſpace.

Pictie. Com hither I pray the tell me but one thing,
How intendeſt thou to liue an other day.

Moros. How truly make mery, daunce and ſing,
Set cocke a whope, and play care away:

Pictie. Seing that you haue none other reſpect,
But your life daies in folly to ſpende,
Diſcipline muſt you now and then correct,
That vnto wiſdom you may your ſelfe bende.

Moros. Correct me? why ſhall I be beaten?
My father will not ſuffer that I trow.

Diſcipline. You begin to be ſcabbie and wormeeaten,

It is time Dalt vpon you to strow,
Sirra, do you see what I haue here,
The wise man willeth, an Asse to haue a scourge,
You haue learned folly many a yeare,
From the same now I must you purge:
You that haue the wit to mocke and to scorne,
What wit you haue to wisdom I will see,
Upon your sides this scourge shalbe worne,
Except you will speake rightly after me,
I will loue and feare God aboue all.

Moros. I will loue &c.

Sat after him He might vouchsafe to giue me sapience.

Discipline. He might vouchsafe &c.

Moros. I shall not cease on his holy name to call.

Discipline. I shall not cease &c.

Moros. That he will open mine intelligence,

Discipline. That he will &c.

Moros. Well sayd.

Discipline. Well sayd.

Say the same verses alone together,
Like as you sayd them after me.

Moros. Say the same verses alone together,
Like as you sayd them after me.

Pietie. His meaning you do not consider,
Alone you must say the verses as they be,

Moros. His meaning you do not consider,
Alone you must say the verses as they be.

Exercitation. You may say no more as he did say,
He did but teach you your wordes wisely to frame

Moros. You may say no more as he did say,
He did but teach you your wordes wisely to frame

Discipline. With an vngracious foole we spend the day
He turneth all to a mocke and a game.

Moros. With an vngracious foole we spend the day,
He turneth all to a mocke and a game.

Discipline. Meration they say giueth intelligence,
An other while I will proue you with my scourge.

Moros. Meracion they say giueth intelligence,

An other while I will proue you with my ſcourge

Pietie. This heady fooliſhnes and negligence,
With correction away we muſt purge.

Moros. This heady fooliſhnes, and negligence,
With correction away we muſt purge.

Exercitation. We will holde him while you do him beate,
Lay on Diſcypline, and do not ſpare.

Moros. I trowe I ſhall make you all three to ſweate,

Holde him & beate him. Com one for one, and for you all I doe not care.
Body of god, alas my arſe, out, out no more,
Crie you mercie, a vengeaunce take you,
For Gods ſake leaue mine arſe is ſore
I will ſay as you will haue me ſay now.

Diſcipline. Say thus.

Moros. Say thus.

Diſcipline I will loue and feare God aboue all,
He might vouchſafe to giue me Sapience:
I will not ceaſe on his holy name to call,
That he may open mine intelligence.

Pietie. Good ſonne ſay theſe wordes and thinke ỹ ſame
And we will teache you other good leſſons moe.

Moros. You haue put me out God giue you ſhame,
I wot not which way the Deuil they goe.

Diſcipline. ℭ Repete them againe I will loue &c.

Moros. I will loue porridge when they be ſod, Beef & al
For Potton good Sauſe is Salte and Onnions,
Vp vnto the hie diſhe when my Dame they call,
While ſhe openeth the Pie, I picke the Pinions.

Pietie. Let vs looſe no more labour about this foole
For the more he is taught the worſe he is.

Diſcipline, Holde him, and I will teache him a new ſchoole,
He can ſpeake the right that can ſpeake this,

Moros. O beate me no more, I pray you hartly,
To make you to laugh I turned them this way,
Sometime I loue to talke and ſing merely,
But I thinke no harme then by this day.

Exercitation. In you let vs ſome towardnes ſee,
For to make you a man we do intend,

To

To laugh, to be mery, to singe, times there be,
But in such thinges now we haue no time to spende,

Pietie. Let vs heare how Discypline you do vnderstand,
The sentence that he hath taught you do you say.

Moros. That is y best way I thinke to escape your hand
But I truste to be euen with you one day:
I will loue and feare god aboue all,
He might vouchsafe to giue me Sapience,
I will not cease on his holy name to call,
That he may open mine intelligence.

Discipline. This is well if it be spoken with the hart,
Fears somtime causeth dissimulation.

Moros. I can not speake it I suppose without a harte,
After feare cometh alway consolation,

Pietie. I perceiue that you haue wit competentlie,
If you would applie it vnto vertue,
We will instruct you sufficiently,
If our Doctrine you will humbly ensue

Exercitation. By vs you shall haue this commoditie,
In this life you shall be in reputacion,
After this life you shall haue felicitie:
That is Joy in the heauenly habitacion.

Discipline. My sonne this order with you we will take,
First I will comit you vnto Pietie,
Who the true seruaunt of God shall you make,
And teach you to honour his Maiestie,

**There let** Moros **betwene euery sentence say**
**Gay geare, good stufe, very well, finado,**
with such mockish termes.

To loue him, to pray to him, day and night,
To knowe his sonne Jesus Christ,
Equale with the Father in substance and might,
The holy Ghost the author of loue and concorde,
In him you shall learne Gods worde to heare,
Your dutie to the Ministers of the same,
Who the misteries of God in their harts do beare
To esteeme the sacraments eche one by name,
Pietie will teache you your dutie to kinges,

To

Tormentors and Maiestrates, in their degree,
Vnto whom you must be obedient in all thinges
Conserning the statutes and lawes of the Countrie,
It is Pietie your Parents to obey,
Yea your Prince and Countrey to defend,
The poore to comfort euer as you may,
For the truthes sake your bloud to spend.

Moros. Nay hoo there by Godall things saue bleud,
He that breaketh my head I will breake his againe.

Pietie. Your vnderstanding in that is not good,
Such appetites you must alway refraine.

Exercitation. After that you are endued with Pietie,
In me you shall haue Exercitacion,
To your owne and other mens vtilitie,
I meane a science or occupacion,
Which to learne do your diligence,
And being learned, do the same occupie,
And occupied by experience,
Seeke to exercise them wisely,

Discipline. How say you will you dwell with Pietie,
And learne his instructions with a good will,

Moros. I thanke you for your good minde towarde me,
I will neuer go from you but dwell with you still.

Pietie. First vnto you a testament heare I giue,
Wherein you shall learne what the will of God is
To pray vpon and to learne your Christen beleue,
And to amend your manners that be amisse.

Moros. Gods santie, this is a goodlie Booke in deede,
We there anie Saints in it and Pilcrowes,
A sir, I haue spied Christes Crosse me speede,
I may tell you I am past all my Crosse rowes,
I haue learned beyond the ten commaundementes,
Two yeares ago doubtlesse I was past grace,
I am in the middest of Gods Iudgements,
I trust to be as wise as he with in short space.

Pietie. I must haue all these haine wishes to cease,
An other leafe you must turne now truly.

Moros. Of good Pilke if you will giue me paine a messe,

You shall see I will wait vpon you duly.

Pietie. It is so that I may no longer tarry here,
I must go hence, come will you go with me?

Moros. Yea that I will, for here is litle good chere,
What good fare you haue I purpose to se.

Discipline, Looke that you doo your selfe honestlie behaue,
For I purpose to se you euery day thrise,
Neither mockes nor gaudes shall your skinne saue,
I aduise you therefore to be honest and wise.

Exercitatiõ In doing well, feare ye no punishment,
Be ruled by the counsell of Discipline,
Your owne follie will be your detriment,
If you from Pietie chaunce to decline.

Moros. I warrant you in paine of twentie shames,
I am wonne now, you shall se me verie honest,
But yer I go yet let me know your names,
Declare them I pray you at my request.

Discipline. You know that my name is Discipline,

Moros. Verie well, verie well Diricke Quintine,
You are maister Diricke Quintine.

Pietie. Otttimes you haue heard me called Pietie,

Moros, Maister Pinenuttræ, and maister Diricke Quintine

Exercitatiõ I exercise men in good workes and Doctrine,
And therfore Exercitatiõ they call me.

Moros. Arse out of fashion, here is a mistication,
Dirike Quintine will gather Rodes of the Pinenuttre,
And beate mine arse till it be out of fashion,
With this deuise truly I can not agre.

Discipline. Why stand you murmuring there alone,
Giue eare vnto the wordes that to you be said.

Pietie. Come Moros, come good sonne, I must be gone,
To dwell with me, you neede not be afraide.

Moros. Afrayde, no I will go with you to the worldes ende,
I promise you to be true night and day,
For though neuer so much aboute me you do spend,
I will not beare the valor of a pennie away.

Go before him and yet saye.

Pietie. Wee haue taken a busie worke vpon vs,

For

For al our wordes he is not the better one Pease.

Discipline. Well a season with him take ye paine,
Wee will proue if we can do any good.

Moros. With them if long you do here remaine,

Go out pieti and Mozos. Exercitation. I will go seeke a new Master by the roode
Now thinke you, truly I am in dispaire
I feare that all our labour wil be lost,
He is not bent neither to abstinence nor praier,
I am aduised to bestow on him no more cost.

Discipline. Ipsaque non multo est natura potentior vsu,
I like well that he is gone with Pietie,
For conuersation with persons of vertue
Altereth nature sometime for a fuertie:
Custome may all kinde of manners bring forth,
This to be true wee know by experience,
But if he decay wee must take it at worth,
At the least let vs doo our diligence.

Exercita. If he had been taken somewhat in season,

Betweene whiles let Mozos put in his head. I woulde haue hoped in his amendement:
But folly hath so ouercharged his reason,
That he is past redresse in my iudgement:
While a plant of a Tree is yonge and tender,
You may cause it to grow croked or right:
So a childe, while knowledge is but slender,
You may instructe whereto you will by night:
But after the Plante is growne to a tree,
To any bowinge it will not geue place:
So yonge folkes when to age growne they be,
Ware stubborne and be of an indurate face;
Againe he is of a verie haughtie nature,
A witte, but to no goodnesse applied,
If he shalbe suffered to endure,
Muche euill by him shalbe multiplied.

Discipline Let vs se how he doth profit in Pietie,
If he goeth any thing forewarde therein:
Unto labour, vertue, and veritie,
I will hope him easely to winne,
For as I saide here a litle before,

Who so doth God faithfully serue and feare,
And aboue all thinges him serue and honour,
He shall thriue, go forward, and prospere.

Exercitation. I beleue that with Pietie he went,
From correction him selfe to winde,
For if he to any vertue be bente,
I am much deceaued truly in my minde:
Certaine persons I coulde rehearse by name,
Haue pretended a great perfection,
And why? to auoyde punishment and shame,
Due for their vitious infection:
As sum haue entred into religion,
Wherefore because they will not pay their det,
When they are persons of no good deuotion,
For vpon vanitie their harts are set.

Discipline. Go we softly and herken for his fashion,
If with any lewdnesse I chaunce him to take,
I shall minister to him such correction,
As shall make his flesh tremble and quake.

Exercita. With Pietie, you are not like him to finde,
He did put in his head twise or thrise,
He looketh for mates of an other kinde,
Wholy he is geuen to folly and vice.

Discipline He is like to escape very narowly,
If neither of vs catche him by the backe,
Except he be corrected throughly,
He will still vse his foolish knacke. Go out both.

Here entreth Idlenesse. Where the deuill is the worsen foole,
He bad me euen now come hither,
Doubtlesse he is gone againe to schoole,
Euen very now we weare together,
Truly they will make him a sole in deede:
Teache him good manners, teache my dogge,
When you see him in learning procede,
Then will I make a man of this logge:
What ho, where art thou Mayster? what hoe?
Doubtlesse they take payne aboute a stone,
Doting fooles thinke to make Corne to grow

Vpon

Upon grauell, where earth there is none.

Moros. Alas, alas nomoze, nomoze, nomoze,

Cry without the dooze making a noyſe of beating. Nomoze good Maiſter Diricke Quintine,
Bodie of God you beate me ſo ſoze,
I will forſake you and your doctrine.

Idlenes. No foze hardely let them not ſpare,
What doth the foole in ſuche companye,
O that they would beate him on the buttockes bare,
To ſe that I would ſpend an halfe penny,
What howe Moros come hether I ſay,
He will not tary longe I dare warrant,
He and I mete euer once in a day,

Here entreth Incontinence. Litle will he ſticke to play the trewant.
What Idlenes the parent of all vice,
Who thought to haue found the heare.

Idlenes. Then art thou neyther mannerly noz wiſe,
As by thy ſalutation doth appeare,
Foz if I of vice be the parent,
Then thy parent I muſt needes be,
Thou art a vice by all mens conſent,
Therfoze it is like that I begat thee.

Incontinence. My parent, then hang my parent,
No Syz I am your fellow and mate,
Therwith you may be well content,
Foz I am of no ſmall eſtate:
Otium enim fomes vitiorum eſt otium mentem,
Ad multa mala trahunt otii comes ipſa libido eſt.
Idlenes of vices is a prouocation,
To many euils Idleneſſe drawyeth the minde,
Luſt oz lecherous inclination,
Is fellow to Idlenes by kinde,
Lo I haue proued by authoritie,
That I am thy fellow as I ſayde,
To be my parent it were temeritie,
Your argument here I haue ſtayd.

Idlenes. They were thine owne wozdes and not mine,
The parent of all vice thou biddeſt me call,

Then it folowth that I am thine,
For thou art the greateſt vice of all,
The greateſt miſcheif that euer chaunced,
Cam by the meanes of inconſtancie,
For where as thou art enhaunced,
There is all miſchefe and inſolencie.

Here entreth Wrath. Make roume, ſtande backe in the Deuils name
Stande backe or I will lay thee on the face.

Incontinence. Marie ſtande thou backe with a verie ſhame,
Is there not roume inough in the place.

Idleneſſe. It is but a coppie of his countenaunce,
Wrath muſt declare his propertie.

Incontinence. He is as whot as a vengeance,
Stande backe and geue him libertie.

Wrath. I had went it had been another,
I thought to haue geuen thée a blow,
In my rage I fauour not my brother,
The nature of Wrath full well you do know.

Idleneſſe. Wrath and Madneſſe they ſay be all one,
Sauing that Madneſſe doth ſtill remaine;
But wrath in fooles will ſoone be gone,
Yea and as ſoone it wil come againe.

Incontinence. To fooles not only incontinencie
Is annexed but wrath alſo furious,
The minde of fooles without clemencie,
Soone waxeth hotte and is temerarious.

Wrath. Speaking of fooles, it cometh to my remembrance,
I thought to haue founde Moros the foole here;

Idleneſſe. He goeth to ſchoole now with a vengeance,
He ſhalbe a Doctour the next yere.

Wrath. To ſchoole, ha, ha, ha, as angrie as I am,
I muſt laugh to here of Moros ſuch newes

Idleneſſe. I ſpake with him as hither I cam,
And willed him their ſchooling to refuſe.

Incontinence. They kæpe him there ſtill by violence,
But I know that with vs is his harte.

Wrath. When they bringe Moros vnto Sapience,

Then

Then of my ſworde I will make a Carte.

Idleneſſe. I ſuppoſe that he will not be longe hence,
If by any meanes he may eſcape.

Incontin. I dare wage with any man fortie pence,
To make him ſhortly as wiſe as an Ape.

Wrath. That wager with thee durſt I lay,
To make him ſo wiſe thou art not able,
For he is as verie a foole I dare ſay,
And as ſtarke an Idiot as euer bare bable.

Idleneſſe. Yea but he ſhalbe a more foole yet,
When all wee three be vnto him annexed:
For the trueth is he hath now ſome wit,
But then all his wittes ſhalbe perplexed,
With me he is very well aqueinted,
For all his bringing vp hath been with me,
So that any vertue he coulde neuer ſe:
Therefore paſtime he calleth me alway,
In plaies and games he hath no meaſure,
Incontinencie to him thou muſt ſay,
That thy name is called pleaſure.

Incontinen. I am called ſo with them that be wiſe,
Wrath is wonte to be called manhode.

Wrath. In good faith litle needeth this deuiſe,
To be called by our names is as good:
Doth he know what Idleneſſe doth meane,
Knoweth he incontinencie to be leacherie,
He diſcerneth not cleane from vncleane,
His minde is all ſet on foolerie.

Idleneſſe. Se, ſe, woulde you iudge him a foole,
So ſadly as he readeth on his booke.

Inconti. By like he cometh now from ſchoole,
On his leſſon earneſtly he doth looke.

Wrath. Haue you ſeene a more foolish face,
I muſt laugh to ſe how he doth looke.

Idleneſſe. Holde your peace a litle ſpace,
And heare him reade vpon his booke.

Laugh all three at his reading. ¶ Here entreth Moros looking vpon a booke and often times looke behinde him, reade as fondely as you can deuiſe.

Moros. Body of God laugh you me to scorne,
I will tell Maister Diricke Quintine,
By these tenne bones I will, I haue sworne,
And he shall teache you to make tile pinne,
Take heede of arse out of fashion,
I aduise you come not in his clawes,
I will tell them by Godes Passion,
How you iudge them fooles and dawes.
I would you were with pynenuttre,
He would make you a litle ladder,
You shall go vp to the gallow tree,
And come downe without a ladder,

Wrath. You are well learned it doth appeare,
Can you any Latin to vs speake.

Moros. I can sing Custodi nos in the queere,
And a verse of course finely vroake.

Incontinence. Reade you Latin, or Greeke, in your booke,
What was it I pray you let vs knowe.

Moros. Here you may see if you will looke,
It was the cuckoles crosse rowe.

Idlenesse. That crosse rowe let vs here I pray the,
And a point for thy labour thou shalt haue.

Moros. I am but a learner you may see,
I can no further then a for a knaue.
Godes santy pathine my playfellow,
For Godes sake kepe me from Diricke Quintine.

Idlenesse. If my councell thou wilt followe,
I will kepe the from him and from his doctrine.

Incontinence. He speaketh of one Diricke Quintine,
Pinenuttre and arse out of fashion,
Doth he not meane old Discypline,
Pietie and Exercitation,

Idlenesse. Yes pardie, but so to speake he can not,
Tell him one thing twenty times,
And he will forget it by and by God wot,
Yet can he sing songes and make rymes.

Wrath. What neede we to chaung our names for him,
For he discerneth not cheese from chalke,

He careth not who doth ſincke or ſwimme,
So that in his owne wayes he may walke.

Moros. Shall I ſpeake with you paſtime in your eare,
A word or two I would tell you of my mind,
Maſt paſtime this ſame grimman I do feare,
Trowe you that he will be my friend.

Idleneſſe. I warrant the all we be thy friendes here,
We come to ridde the out of thy foes handes.

Incontinence. Feare none of vs but be thou of good chere,
Bidde vs welcome and take vs by the handes.

Moros. Bidde vs welcome and take vs by the handes,

Take them by the hand. Bidde vs welcome and take vs by the handes,
Bidde vs welcome and take vs by the handes.

Wrath. Gramercy Moros how do you.

Idleneſſe. You are welcome Maſter manhode ſay,

Moros. You are welcome Maſter Robinhode ſay,

Idleneſſe. You ſhall cough me a fole I make God auowe,

Moros. You ſhall cough me a fole I make God auowe,

Incontinence. I can laugh well at him by this day,

Moros. I can laugh well at him by this day.

Idleneſſe. Come to me Moros what doſt thou with this booke,
Thou canſt not reade vpon it I am ſure.

Moros. Pynemuttre take it me thereon to looke,
There are goodly ſaintes in it fayre and pure.

Wrath. Alas one worde to reade in it he is not able,
More foles then he to geue him a booke,
A fole will delight more in a bable,
And more mete for him thereon to looke.

Idleneſſe. Looke what a booke I haue for thee here,

Haue a paier of cardes redy. Caſt away that booke it is worſe then nought.
This booke will make the of a luſty chere,

Incontinen. If thou wilt beare it alway in thy thought.

Moros. Goddes dayes it is a goodly booke in deede,
Sanctæ amen here are ſaintes a great ſort,
This booke paſſeth Chriſtes Croſſe me ſpeede,
Ha, ha, ha, to he, ha, ha, ha, here is goodly ſport,
But let not Dericke Quintine this booke ſee,
He did ſett me a leſſon to cart.

None

Wrath. None of them all shall meddle with thee,
We are come to make thee a man.

Idlenesse. Make curtsie, and say I thanke you manhoode.

Moros. Make curtsie, and say I thanke you Robin hoode,

Make curtsie backward Goddes se here is a goodly gentlewoman,
Here are speckes, some blacke, some redde as blood,
Teache me this booke I pray you perfitly to can.

Idlenesse. If I wist that thou wouldest be pretie and wise,
I would geue thee other thinges therwith to play,
Seest thou these bones? these are a payre of Dice,
I will teache thee to occupie them one day.

Moros. You taught me first to play at blow pointe,
At spanne coumter, coyting, and mosell the pegge,
At shayles, and the playing with a sheepes ioynte,
And to hop a good way on my one legge:
How long was I learning of these playes,
I am apt inough such good thinges to take,
Do you no more but shew me the wayes,
And if I learne not let me lose the stake.

Idlenesse. Looke what I haue done for thee beside,
Here haue I gotten thee companie,
Whether so euer thou wilt go or ride,
To defende thee from all villanie:
Lo, this gentleman is called pleasure,
He will teache thee to handle a wenche,
Peanes I will teache thee to get treasure,
For such thinges wee will make a Trenche.

Moros. Sir is your name called play sure,
You are welcome, I thanke you hartly.

Iacoatinen. Tush foole my name is called pleasure,
That is likinge, and lust bodily,
Fooles loue alway such daliance,
To kisse, to clip, and in bed to play,
Oh, with lustie girles to singe and daunce,
To haue a more pleasant life no man may.

Moros. O I meane what you know now,
Maister Passime hearke againe in your eare.

Idlenesse. Tush, tush, I warrant thee, care not thou,

I will prouide for all ſuch geare,
Lo, this is manhoode to make thee bolde,
Let there be but a worde and a blow.

Moros. I woulde looke bigge like a man, that I woulde
If my beарde woulde a litle more grow.

Wrath. Suffer no man with thee to reaſon,
For fooles can no wiſe anſwer make,
Therfore geue a blow alway in ſeaſon,
Paſſe not thou how they do it take,
Like a man euer face out the mater,
Sticke not bloud, harte, and woundes to ſweare,
But ſuffer no man with thee to clatter,
Anon let him haue a blow on the eare:
Beholde here I geue thee a good ſworde
And a dagger thy ſelfe to defende,
Draw thy dagger at euery worde,
And ſay that thy bloud thou wilt ſpende.

Moros. Bolde (quod he) I pray you keepe my booke,
These weapens haue ſet me on a fier:

Fleſh with your ſworde. Now ſay you, like a man do I not looke,
To be fighting now is all my deſire,
No remedie, with one of you I muſt fight,
Fende your heads, you fooles, knaues, and dawes

Idleneſſe. He ſheweth the nature of a foole right,
Which is to chide and fight without a cauſe.

Incontinen. It is a prouerbe wiſe and auncient,
Beware how you geue any edge toole,
Unto mad men that be inſipient,
Unto a ponge childe, and vnto a foole.

Wrath. He fighteth till he is out of breath,
Inough now Moros it is well doone.

Moros. By the Maſſe I will fight my ſelfe to death,
I pray you let not me leaue ſo ſoone.

Incontin. Sira, who am I, will you remember,
What did Paſtime tell you in your eare.

Moros. A pretie morſell, ponge and tender,
Now would to God I weare there.

Idleneſſe. Thou muſt weare thy ſworde by thy ſide,

And thy daggar handſumly at thy backe,
Before thou fighteſt thou moſt vſe to chide,
Marke what I ſay and learne of me that knacke:
Firſt this order with thee we will take,
We will teache thee to play at cardes and dice,
Aqueinted with Nell and Nan we will thee make,
And to appeare, a man both mightie and wiſe,
We will deſire pleaſure to take payne,
To prouide vs an handſome hoſpitall,
Where ſecretly we may together remayne,
Till we haue fynished our deuiſes all.

Incontinence. Hearke is it beſt that there we mæte,
At that houſe ſuch as we vſe to banquette.

Moros. Nay I pray you let vs haue one ſheete,
For I can not well lye in a blankette.

Idleneſſe. Tuſhe ſole we ſpeake of banquetting,
We meane to eate, drinke, and make good chere,
With Pegge and Belle to be ruffeling,
Where as no pleaſure ſhall be to dere.

Wrath. There are beddes, blanquets, and ſheetes good ſtore,
And the houſe of a gyrle neuer emptie,
You ſhalbe ſure of one or other euermore,
Sometime you may haue your choyſe of twenty.

Incontinence. You meane the thacked houſe by the water ſide,
Which is whitlymed aboue in the loft.

Idleneſſe. Yea pardee there thou ſhalt for vs prouide,
An houſe it is for the nones if it come to the proofe.

Incontinence. I go hence tarry you not after long,
For I will bidde myne hoſteſſe make haſt.

Moros. Before you go let vs haue a ſong,
I can ratche vp to ſing ſol fa and paſt.

Idleneſſe. Thou haſt ſonges good ſtoare ſing one,
And we three the note will beare.

Moros. Let me ſtody it will come anone,
Pepe la, la, la, it is to hye there,
So, ho, ho, and that is to lowe,
Soll, ſoll, fa, fa, and that is to flatte,
Re, re, re, by and by you ſhall knowe,

Wy, my, my, how ſaye you to that.

Idlenes. Care not for the true but what is thy ſong,
No remedie thou muſt firſt beginne.

Incontinence. I will be gone if you tarry long,
When we knowe how we ſhall come in.

Moros. ¶ I haue a prety tytmouſe,
Come picking on my to,

All. iiii. the ſame. Goſſuppe with you I purpoſe,
To drinke before I go.

Moros. ¶ Litle pretty nightingale,
Among the braunches græne,

All iiii. the ſame. Geue vs of your Chriſtmaſſeale,
In the honour of ſaint Steuen.

Moros. ¶ Robyn readbreſt with his noates,
Singing a lofte in the quere,

All. iiii. the ſame. Warneth to get you freſe coates,
For winter then draweth nere.

Moros. ¶ My brigie lieth on the ſhelfe,
If you will haue any more,

Go out Incontinence. Vouchſafe to ſing it your ſelfe,
For here you haue all my ſoare.

wrath. A ſong much like thauthour of the ſame,
It hangeth together like fethers in the winde.

Moros. This ſong learned I of my dame,
When ſhe taught me muſtardſede to grinde,
Goddes daies is playſure gone awaye,
I would haue ſpoken with him or euer he had (gone,
I am ſory for that by this day,
He ſhould haue borne me a token to Jone.

Idleneſſe. Thou ſhalt beare. iiii. quarters of a fole,
Perdy Jone will that beſt regard.

Moros. Shall we go leape ouer the ſtole,
Or play for the hole about the Churchyeard,
I muſt be doing of ſomewhat alway,
My weapon ones againe I muſt handle,
How my dagger will cut now I will aſſay,
Beware how with me they wandle,
Fend your heades, how like you this florith,

Nay I can fetch him ouer my head,
This fetche amonge ſuch as be fooliſh,
I may tell you, will ſtande ſometime in ſtead.

Wrath. This felow fighteth very ſore alone,
God haue mercy on his ſoule he will kill,
This furie will away anon,
Namely when he is acquented with gill.

Idleneſſe. Keepe thy fighting till diſcipline doth come,
Then let me ſe how thou wilt play the man.

Moros. Body of God ſtande away make roume,
I will ſurely hit him if I can,
O that my ſworde were a mile longe,
I would kill him then where as he dwelleth,
Me thinke I am waxen very ſtronge,
Se I pray you how my hart ſwelleth.

Here entret Diſcipline. The longer thou liueſt the more foole thou art,
A foole in childehood, a foole in wodlencie,
In mans ſtate thou wilt play a fooles parte,
And as a foole die with ſhame and infamie,
Beate a foole in a morter ſaith the wiſe man,
And thou ſhalt not make him leaue his folly;
I haue doone all that euer I can,
And I ſe it profiteth not truly.

Let Moros let fall his ſworde and hide him.

Moros. Saue me I pray you Maiſter Robin hoode,
This is Diricke Quintine my maiſter,
He will fight as he were wood,
For me he hath brought ponder waſter,
I know Diricke Quintines intente,
He will bringe me to Arſe out of faſhion,
There in worke and labour I ſhall be pent,
And I had leuer die by Gods paſſion.

Wrath. Why horeſun take thy ſworde in thy hande,
And at the gayneſt vpon him lay.

Idleneſſe. Go to him like a man by thee I will ſtande,
Not ſo hardie in his head one worde ſay.

Moros. Sira, ſpeake you I pray you Robin hoode,
Take you my ſworde and driue him hence.

Wrath. What horeſun I tell thee my name is manhood,

I had

I had leuer haue ſpente fortie pence.

Diſcipline. Animi vilis timor Argumentum eſt,
Feare of a vile minde is an argument,
Conſcience accuſeth the foliſh beaſt,
That he hath forſaken wholſom document.

Moros. I ſhall haue a bearde I trow one day,
Then ſhall I be a man ſtronge and bolde,
If my bearde were growne to you I may ſay,
I woulde pay him home, by God that I woulde.

Wrath. Take thy ſworde in thyne hande and ſay,
I defie thee I olde ruſtie peſant.

Moros. Take thy ſworde in thine hande and ſay,
I defie thee, I olde thurſtie weſant.

Wrath. Avoyde, trudge, and get thee away,
Or by his hart I will cut thy weſant.

Moros. A cloyde grudge but not denay,
Or by his carte I will plucke a Feſant.

Idleneſſe. Why it is true that of thee he ſayde,
The longer thou liueſt the more foole thou art.

Moros. Bodie of God of him I am ſo afraide,
That at euery worde I am like to farte.

Wrath. The foole as yet is yonge and neſh,
And the feare of Diſciplin is in his minde,
After that he is noſeled in womans fleſh,
The knaue he will play in his kinde.

Idleneſſe. It is euen ſo, a boy is neuer bolde,
Till he hath companied with an hoore,
Then doth he picke quarels, chide and ſcolde,
After that he deſpiſeth both riche and poore.
Cum pleaſure hath all thinges prouided,
Let vs no longer tarie here,
He will thinke that wee haue him derided,
Go wee, let vs ſee his prouiſion and chere.

Moros. I wilbe ſure to be gone firſt,
I am out of your handes Diricke Quintine,
Now do thou thy beſt and thy worſt,
I defie both thee and all thy Doctrine. Go out al.iij.

Diſcipline. Marke the trade of much youth at this day,

Se if this fole painteth not out theyr image,
Them they despise that eyther do or say,
Any thing at all to restraine there dotage,
The fole and boy sayth the Prophet Esaye,
Shall presume against his ruler auncient,
Young foles do this saying verifie,
To wise men it is ouer euident,
When foles are suffred in folly,
And youth maintained in theyr will,
When they come vp to mans state wholy,
Foles they be and so they continue still:
One writteth thus among many thinges,
Neuer shall you haue good men and sapient,
Where there be no good children and yonglinges,
Which thing is most true in my iudgement:
Two thinges destroye youth at this day,
Indulgentia parentum, the fondnes of parents,
Which will not correct there noughty way,
But rather enbolden them in there entents,
Idlenesse alas Idlenesse is an other,
Who so passeth through England,
To se the youth he would wonder,
How Idle they be and how they stand,
A Christian mans hart it would pittie,
To behold the euill bringing vp of youth,
God preserue London that noble Citie,
Where they haue taken a godly order for a truth,
God geue them the mindes the same to maintaine,
For in the world is not a better order,
If it may be Gods fauour still to remaine,
Many good men will be in that border. Go out.

Fortune. No Gods mercy, no reuerence, no honour,
No cappe of, no knæ bowed, no homage,
Who am I: is there no more good manner,
I trowe, you know not me, nor my lignage,
I tell you I rule and gouerne all,
I aduaunce and I plucke downe againe,
Of him that of byrth is poore and small,

No

As a noble man I can make to rayne,
I am ſhe that may do all thinges,
In Heauen or earth who is like to me,
I make captiues of Lordes and Kinges,
Of captiues or ſoles I make Kinges to be,
No curteſy yet for all this power,
I tell you learned men call me a goddeſſe,
A beggar I make ritche in an howre,
To ſuch as I loue, I geue good ſucceſſe,
Who in this world can me withſtand,
Who can ſay yea, where I ſay nay,
I chaunge all in the turning of a hand,
What ſo euer I will do it I may,
Haue I done nothing for any here,
Haue I not one louer nor friende,
None to welcome me with a mery chere,
Now by my trouth you be vnkinde,
Well I may chaunce ſome to diſpleaſe,
I purpoſe to dally and play a feate,
Which ſhall turne ſome to ſmall eaſe,
A popiſh fole will I place in a wiſemans ſeate
By that you ſhall learne I trowe,
To do your dutie to a lady ſo hye,
He ſhall teach you fortune to knowe,
And to honour hyr till you die.

Incontinen. It is a world to ſée the ſoles greedines,
I haue nuſeled him incarnalitie,
A man would marueell to ſée his redines,
Vnto all fleſhly ſenſualitie,
And theſe harlots are not to learne,
How to dally with a ſimple fole,
They may leade him with a threed of yearne,
Into the middeſt of a whyrle pole,
He prayed me hether to decline,
And loke diligentlie about,
He is afrayd of diſcipline,
And of exercitation no doubt,
Neyther of them both can I ſée,

I will

I will returne and beare him worde,
A glad man then will Moros be
For them he feareth more then the sword. Semble a going out.

Fortune. Whether now syra are you blinde,
Am I so litle a moate that you cannot see,
I will plucke downe your hie minde,
And cause you I trow to know me.

Inconti. I crie you mercie ladie most excellent,
Without doubt I did not your honour beholde,
O Empresse, O Goddesse omnipotent,
I render you prayses manifolde.

Fortune. Well at this time I holde you excused,
Glad to see you do your dutie so well,
If all other had themselues so vsed,
It had been better for them, to you I may tell,
I trow your name is incontinencie,
One of the properties of Moros.

Incontinence. I see him geuen to insolencie,
And I further him in that purpose,
Lecherie is to fooles counaturall,
Wise men thereof are euer ware,
For they see that such vses bestiall,
Bringe men to infamie, shame and care.

Fortune. How vile so euer he be in condition,
How foolish so euer and insipient,
How full of pryde so euer and ambition:
How lecherous so euer and incontinent,
It is notwithstanding our pleasure,
To exalt him in honour and richesse,
We will geue him laude, wealth, and treasure,
And in all thinges therwith good successe:
He loueth women I will giue him plentie,
He loueth gay rayment, meates and drinkes fine,
Of rayment he shall haue shiftes twentie:
Store of Venison, wildefoole, breade and wine,
Moros shall lacke nothing for a season,
They shall see that Fortune can exalte fooles,
Who shall nurter men of wit and reason,

And

And make them glad to learne theyr ſcholes,
Seing that the vulgares will me not prayſe,
For exalting good men and ſapient,
I will gette me a name an other wayes,
That is by erecting foles inſipient.

Incontinence. Pleaſeth it you to geue me licence.
A fewe verſes of a Poete to recite.

Fortune. I will gladly here the Poetes ſentence,
Where as againſt me he doth not writte.

Incontinence. Sed redeo ad ſtultos, quos quando extollit & alto,
Collocat in ſoleo, cupiens fortuna iocari,
O quod ſtultitiis tunc omnia plena videbis.

I come now to ſpeake of foles againe,
With whom when it pleaſeth Fortune to play,
She extolleth and maketh to rayne,
Ye and to them wiſe men to obey,
O than with how many follies ſhalt thou ſe,
All thinges filled and replenished,
Which to rehearſe long it would be,
Yet of the Poete they be publiſhed,
Diſhoneſtie, mightelie, triumpheth than,
Virtuſque mouet contempta Cachinnum.
Vertue is mocked of euery man,
Then of hoores and harlots there is no ſmall ſom,
Nothing but eating, drinking, and play,
Only voluptuouſnes foliſh and filthy,
Encreaſeth more and more day by day,
And hath the rule in Realme and Citie.

Fortune. And as the Poete writeth ſo ſhall it be,
With Moros we will take ſuch an order,
That all thinges which for his pleaſure he ſhall ſe,
So let him commaund in euery border,
You know where Moros we ſhall finde,
We commaund you to lead vs to the place,
And foraſmuch as you occupie his minde,
So teach him to know our Noble grace,
For before that he doth againe appeare,
An other manner of perſon we will him make,

Yea, and wee will cause all persons farre and neare,
As a worthie Gentleman him to take.

Incontinencie. If it will please your grace to walke,
I will bringe you where as Boros is.

Fortune. Cum wayt vpon me, by the way wee will talke,
Thou shalt se wonders after this. Go out both.

Pietie. I am come hither now to complayne,
Not only to se this foole thus to miscarie,
Which vertuous Discipline doth disdayne,
And to honestie is contrarie,
But also of a great multitude,
Which despise God and his Councell,
As though there were no beatitude,
No torments for sinne with Deuilles in Hell,
I can say no more of Pietie,
Then I haue said a litle before,
Which is to serue Gods Maiestie,
The same to loue, to feare, to honour,
But now alas what manners, what heauy times,
Pietie is vtterly extinguished,
What contempt is there, what crimes,
More mischiefe then can be published,
And as Gods Maiestie is despised,
So the loue among men doth abate,
Neuer was there greater hatred deuised,
Then is among men of euery estate,
What falshod, what deseit and guile,
What subtilties are of men inuented,
Who doth not his body with sinne defile,
Who is with his owne state contented,
I haue redde of many worldes and seasons,
Of so sinfull a world did I neuer read,
About mischiefe men occupie their reasons,
None other thing now a daies is in their head,
Yet God hath sum good people I darre say,
Which pray deuoutlie fast and abstaine,
And call vpon him night and day,
The wickednes of our times to restraine,

And

And I doubt not for his owne name ſake,
He will ſubuert the workes of ſinne,
Which he graunt ſhortly to ſlake,
And that vertue the victorie may winne.

Wrath. Ha,ha,ha, I muſt laugh to ſee Fortunes daliance,
Lord how ſhe hath this foole enhaunced,
The ſporte is to ſee his countenance,
This wealth hath to him ſtraungly chaunced,
But they ſay that fooles are fortunable,
It appeareth to be the trew now indede,
Fortune hath made a foole honorable,
And like more in honour to proceede,
Now am I ſent Officers to ſeke,
Impietie, Crueltie, and Ignorance.
I muſt trudge about all this weke,
Not a litle vnto my hinderance.

Pietie. Such a Maſter, ſuch ſeruaunts in dede,
O what a plage is it euermore,
When vertuous men haue euell ſpede,
And fooles haue eaſe, wealth and honour,
Haue we not had manifeſt probation,
Haue not men of God beene put to ſilence,
And ſuch fooles in whom was no good diſputation,
But altogether with Crueltie gaue they ſentence.

Wrath. Thou art one of them for whom I ſeke,
Not for thy honour, but for thy decay,
I haue commaundment to choppe thee as a lecke,
If thou wilt not get the away,
Wherfore be ruled by my Councell,
Cum no more into Mores Companie,
For both with ſhame he will expell,
And put thee alſo to vilanie.

Pietie. Better it is to meete a ſhe Beare,
When ſhe is robbed of her whelpes,
Then with a foole that rule doth beare,
For nother reaſon nor learning will be his helpes.

Wrath. No moe wordes but get the away at once,
I am Wrath ſone kindled and ſet on fire,

Speake one woꝛde and I will bꝛeake thy bones,
And tread the downe here in the myꝛe,
Yea, I aduiſe thee, loe what wꝛath can do,
To wꝛath place to geue he is glad,
To fooles many are glad to leane to,
Foꝛ feare of theyꝛ rage when they are made,
Yonder cometh one that I ſeeke foꝛ,
I am deceiued, if it be not the ſame,
As he were blinde about he doth poꝛe,
Ignorance I ſuppoſe is his name.

Ignorance. Is there any body here in this place,
I am ſent foꝛ in all the haſt I weene,
I am commaunded to come away apace,
They will maruell where ſo long I haue beene,

Wrath. Whether ſhould you go I pꝛay you frend,
And who is it that foꝛ you did ſend.

Ignorance. Lady Foꝛtune did tell me her minde,
And to ſpeake with Yoꝛos I do intend.

Wrath. To tarry here if you will take the paine,
Yoꝛos will come hether anone:
Where impietie is I would know fayne,
And where I ſhould ſpeake with him alone.

Ignorance. Crudelitie, Impietie, and I,
Were coming all thꝛee together,
I thinke verily that they are paſſed by,
And gone euen the right way thether.

Wrath. What are theyꝛ names when they come there,
What do you call Impietie.

Ignorance. Philoſophie his name his euery where,
Crudelitie, Pꝛudence, and I Antiquitie.

Wrath. Very well I am glad of this in dede,
By reaſon hereof my Iꝛnie is at an ende,
I purpoſe no further to pꝛoceede,
To returne againe I do intende,
I will cauſe Yoꝛos to make haſt,
Antiquitie tarrieth foꝛ you, I will ſay.

Ignorance. Yea and though the time be ſomwhat paſt, Go out.
Tell him that I did not well know the way, Wrath.

Ignorance

Ignorance. Ignorance yea Ignorance is my name,
A meete mate with fooles to dwell,
A qualitie of an auncient fame,
And yet drowne I many one in hell,
The Papiſtes which the truth do know,
Lord how I haue nuſeled them in my ſcience.
I haue ſo taught them, that how ſo euer the wind blow,
They ſhall ſtill encline to my ſentence,
So that though they haue knowledge and cunning,
They are but Ignoraunt and fooles,
After euery Hereſie and Poperie, they are running,
And delight daily to learne at newe ſcholes,
Alſo many that do them ſelues abuſe,
Some in that Iniquitie and ſome in this,
By Ignorance they do them ſelues excuſe,
As though they know not that they did amiſſe,
When their conſcience beare them record,
That their actes are wicked and euill,
Therfore when they ſhall come before the Lord,
Ye ſhall condemne them with Satan the Deuill.

Moros. A Syr, my beard is well growne,
Entre Gaily diſguiſed and with a fooliſh beard. I thought that I ſhould be a man ones,
Yea a Gentleman, and ſo will I be knowne,
A man of honour both body and bones,
How ſay you my Councellours tell me,
Haue I not a Gentlemans countenance.

Impietie. A better face truly I did neuer ſe,
Nor a better legge in my remembraunce.

Cruelt. If you had not bene comly and wiſe,
Fortune would not haue ſo fauored you:
You muſte appeare to be ſtraunge and nyſe,
That will cauſe men humbly to bowe.

Ignorance. Goddes deintye, is this Maſter Moros.
A proper Gentleman by ſaint Anne,
To dwell with your maſhip I purpoſe,
And to do you the beſt ſeruice that I can.

Impietie. This is an other of your Councell,
Whoſe name is called Antiquitie:

His wordes are trewer then the Gospell,
A person full of truth and fidelitie.

Moros. You are welcome gentle sanguinitie,
A Syr is sanguinitie your name.

Crudelitie. He is called auncient antiquitie,
A person of good stocke and great fame.

Moros. Welcome againe then gentle tandiditie,
And you are welcome all three indeede.
Pild lousy boy Fippence and tandiditie,
How do you welcome all good speede.

Impietie. Forsoth I am called Philosophie,
Prudence is this mans name doubtlesse:
Antiquitie he is called verilie,
As here after we shall more plainly expresse.

Moros. Pild lousy boy Fippence and tandiditie,
You are welcome, you come to wayte one me.

Ignorance. Yea and to serue you with all humilitie,
And to fulfill your requestes redy to be.

Impietie. Fortune appointed me to be gouernour,
Of your owne person you to direct:
And to conuince euery vaine troubler,
Which shall presume your minde to infect.

Crudelitie. And me she appointed them to correct,
Which should do ought against your minde,
Yea and your profites and rents to collect,
And to seke narowly where we may them finde.

Ignorance. I am ordeined alway to giue you warning,
Of exercitation in any science:
Lest you hurt your wittes with learning,
And dull your vnderstanding and science.

Moros. Shall I tell you there was one pynuttre,
Who a while had me in his handling,
He was vp with God and holy diuintre,
But I was sone wery of his wandling,
And that curst hoorson Dircke Quintine,
Would beate me shrewdly by Gods Passion,
He went about me to famish and pine,
Through one arse out of fashion.

I shall

I ſhall deſire you pild louſy boy,
And you Fippence and tandidifie,
Them to bannish and vtterly deſtroye,
For I feare their crudelitie.

Impietie. Feare: and you a man of nobilitie,
Remember that you are come to manhood.

Crudelitie. Hath not Fortune ſet you in authoritie,
With your owne hand let their hart bloode.

Moros. Body of God giue me my ſworde,
Hart, woundes, I will kill them by and by.
Armes and lides I haue ſpoken the worde,
His bloud and bones they ſhall die,
Am I in authoritie do you ſay,
May I hang, burne, head and kill,
Let them be ſure I will do what I may,
I will be knowne in authoritie that I will.

Impietie. Pietie, Diſcipline, and Exercitation,
Peane you not them I pray you.

Moros. They indede haue put me to tribulation,
But I trow I will trouble them againe now.
Body of God am I in authoritie,
I will burne them, hang them, & boyle them,
As many as once profeſſe pietie,
If I may know it I will turmoyle them.

Impietie. Of God indede many of them talke,
And of the ſoule, and of Heauen and Hell,
But from you as ſwine let them walke,
They ſpeake of a thing wherof they can not tell,
I am named Philoſophie,
The knowledge of all thinges I do containe,
In me is Aſtronomie and Aſtrologie,
The truth of all thinges in me do remaine,
I can teach you Heauen to know,
Which they call a Sphericall figure,
More perfight then any other hye or lowe,
Eternall forſoth in his owne nature,
Alſo how that the world was made,
In the middeſt of the ſayd Heauen,

How b.sonnes deuide it in theyr trade,
Of the Sicles and Epicicles seuen,
Of mouing and quiet I can teache,
Of matter and forme I can tell goodly geare,
Such as go vp into pulpettes and preache,
Especially these newe felowes, to them geue no eare,
Nay then, wheras you haue authoritie,
Suffer them not in any wise to dwell,
Be bold to punish them with austeritie,
For it is but all Heresie that they do tell,
Goodly doctrines I can teach you of nature,
And how it bringeth forth nothing perfightly,
Without Art this is a doctrine sure,
Also how the same worketh secretly,
Now such as of God to you will talke,
Of Heauen, Hell, or of the soule,
From your presence bid them walke,
Yea though they alledge Christ and Poule,
Concerning those thinges I am appointed,
To bring you into the veritie,
Endeuer your selfe to be acquainted,
With your Noble Counceller Antiquitie
From time to time euermore still,
He shall in your companie remaine,
Prudence shall get in, poll and pill,
For euermore seeke for your gayne.

Moros. You are a cunning person I see that,
Would to God you had a better name,
Pild lousy boy, fye that is to flatte,
And to call you Fippence it is a shame.

Ignorance. His name I tell you is Philosophie,
In whom is contained all science,
Antiquitie is my name verilye,
And this person is called Prudence.

Moros. Gods blessinge on your harts all
I shall remember your names I trowe:
My seruants by theyr names I will call,
If my beard a litle longer would growe,

I doubt

I doubt not but as you grow in age,
So you will encreaſe in ſapience:
You ſhall neuer want a witty page,
To ſharpen your intelligence.

Ignorance. With all your affaires let vs alone,
Geue you your minde to pleaſure,
Eate, drinke, dally and play with Ione,
We will maintaine your ſtate with treaſure,
Sum will moue you to reade Scripture,
Sum would haue you ſeene in Stories,
Sum to feates of armes will you allure,
All theſe are but plaine vaine glories,
Mary I would haue you ſeene in cardes and dice,
As you ſhalbe I trow forth in a while,
We truſt to make you in them ſo wiſe,
That none ſhalbe able you to begile.

Cruelty. You muſt ſet your ſelfe forth with the beſt,
You muſt learne to haue a diuerſe countenance,
Frowning when a thing you ſhall deteſt,
Pleaſant when ought is for your furtheraunce,
So, lo, that is well when you are angrie,
Pretely well to when you are pleaſed,
A ſmiling countenance you muſt carie,
When your conceit is in all thinges eaſed.

Impietie. By my trouth wot you like whom he doth looke,
He is as like a coſin of mine as euer I did ſee.

Cruelty. That he is like him in face you may ſweare on a booke
And alſo his conditions with his, do well agree,
As touching all godlines a fole he was,
But in filthy demeanour who was worſe,
Out of doubt in ſinne he did ſo excell and paſſe,
That the whole countrie for him God did curſe.

Ignorance. Leaue I pray you Syrs what needeth this clatter,
You talke for me thinke you wot not what:
I pray you go forward with our matter,
If you know any wayes for our maſters profit ſpeake that.

Cruelty. To prouide thinges to come by Policie,
I will worke vnder ſuch a pretence,

That all thinges shall appeare honestlie,
And for that cause am I named Prudence,
Againe in prouiding your necessaries,
I will in such a sort canuas the lawe,
That such as be your aduersaries,
Shalbe brought to Corum and awe.

Moros. O who hath such seruants as I haue,
So learned, so wise, in Hall and in Schole,
Among them all, there is not one Knaue,
So that it skilleth not though I be a fole:
Would to God I had my seruaunts together,
Pastime, Pleasure, and Robinhode,
I pray you take paine to call them hether,
To haue them wait vpon me it should do me good.

Impietie. You know the names of all your seruaunts,
It may please you them here to recite,
We must also know the names of your tenaunts,
That in your bookes of accomptes we may them write.

Moros. Pild lousy boy you are the best,
None of them better then you none so good,
Fippence and Tandidtie be nerte,
Pastime, Pleasure, and Robinhode,
Here be six honest persons indede,
By saint Paikin it is an honest traine,
You shall haue all one liuery and wede,
For you all intend my profit and gaine.

Crueltie. To the draper I will go and bye cloth,
And aray all your seruaunts in a liuery:
To wait on you otherwise I would be loth,
That will be Gentlemanlike verily.

Impietie. The great affaires I do consider,
That Prudence in other thinges must haue,
It is best therfore that we go together,
So shall we be sure money to saue,
And here we leaue auncient Antiquitie,
A person that no bad Councell will geue,
He is prudent and full of sagacitie,
His councell se that you do beleue.

I haue

Moros. I haue ſeruaunts that finely can ſing,
Let me here I pray you, what you can do,
Singing and playing I loue aboue all thing,
Let me here you, I pray you, go to.

Ignorance. I am old and my voice is ruſtie,
Yet I will ſing to do you pleaſure.

Moros. We will haue drinke if you be thurſtie,
For I loue to drinke without meaſure.

Ignorance. You muſt beginne for I can no ſkill,
Yet I will iumble on as well as I can,

Crueltie. We are indifferent, ſing what ye will,
We were brought vp with a ſinging man.

Impietie. We take our leaue of you for this ſeaſon,
Sing ſome merry ſong. In time we ſhall wayte on you againe.

Crueltie. To haue a time it ſtandeth with reaſon,
In order to ſet among your traine.

Moros. In my houſe you will appoint me Officers,
Such as ſhall bring in to make frolicke chere,
But thoſe that of Diſcipline and Pietie are folowers,
I would haue rooted out both farre and nere,
Fare ye well: as ſoone as you can returne,
For I can do nothing without your councell.

Impietie. He that ſpeaketh one word againſt you, we will burne
Hang or beade him like a rebell. Go out both.

Moros. Yea mary Syr this doth me good at the hart,
Fare ye well, worthy to ſerue a Gentleman.

Ignorance. I tell you they were not brought vp at the Cart,
Full worſhipfully their curteſy they can:
Now Syr, tell me how feele you your ſtomacke,
Are you diſpoſed to play, eate, or drincke,
Tell me if there be any thing that you lacke,
Deuiſe what ye wil, and in minde do ye thinke,
You ſhall haue it what ſo euer it doth coſt,
We will neither paſſe of wind nor wether.

Moros. By my trouth the thing that I deſire moſt,
Is in my cappe to haue a goodly feather.

Ignorance. A feather: a matter of great importaunce,
You ſhal haue a feather if it coſt a pounde

Looke vp lustelie, vse a gentlemans countenance,
And a feather I trowe for you shall be found.

Moros. A feather would make me looke a loft,
Haue you one? what a redde one?
Now I thanke you, it is goodly stoft,
This will make me a Gentleman alone,
Take it fast I pray you in my cappe,
Now by my honour I thanke you hartelie,
This will beare away a good rappe,
As good as a sallet for me verilie,
I looke vpward now alwaie still,
Goddes daies my feather I can not see,
Of this Feather I can no skill,
Beshrew thy hart, I haue hurt my knée.

Looke vpward to see the fether. Like the Philosopher that looked so hie,
So long that he fell into the myre,
Also an other that gased so into the skie,
To tumble and fall. Till he fel gronelinges in the fire,
For a gentleman to looke hie it is meete,
But in all thinges there is a meane,
It becommeth you to take heede to your fete,
Lesse you make your garments foule and vncleane.

Moros. A vengeance take this foolish feather,
While it is there I can not looke downe.

Ignorance. Fie, fie, you should haue said so rather,
Looke here how vnseemelie, you weare your geare,
Hœ, Hœ, it hangeth all on the one side,
And your sword is betweene your legges,
Wise men will you mocke and deride,
And not set by you a coupple of egges,
Let me helpe you to set your gowne right,
On this fascion your sword you must weare,
A lacke, a lacke, if I had a good sight,
I would trim you in your geare.

Moros. Must I not looke ouer my shoulder somtime,
I haue séene some that thus would iette.

Ignorance. To be equall with the best do you cline,

Remember

Remember still that in honour you are set,
Peere entreth Discipline. The longer thou liuest the more fole thou art.
Euery day maze foole then other,
Thou wilt play such a foliſh part,
As ſhall ſhame countrey, father and mother,
Good audience, note this foles proceding,
In tendre age, in Idlenes he was nuſeled,
In adolencie when Pubes was ſpringing,
Touching vertue, as a dogge that is muſeled,
Vnwilling to learne and therfore vnapt,
All his ſenſes he applied to vice,
Anone with ſuch companions he was wrapt,
As no yong man will be that is wiſe,
Neuer could I bring him to Pietie,
That is God to ſerue, to loue, to feare,
Neither to do ought for his owne vtilitie,
Neither reuerence in his hart to beare,
But as foles all are vnpatient,
So was he geuen to haſtines and yre,
In lecherie as foles be all incontinent,
Through Idlenes he was ſet on fire,
When to mans ſtate ones he attained,
Worldly Fortune him in wealth erect,
God and good Counſell he diſdained,
Being then with all miſerie infecte,
Now is he come vnto plaine Impietie,
Which perſwadeth him God to denie,
And with him is ioyned Crudelitie,
Againſt the innocents to replie,
Behold here he is ledde with Ignorance,
So that he will not beleue the veritie,
Beſide theſe he hath other mainteinance,
To vpholde him in his iniquitie,
Of ſuche the Prophete did Prophecie,
The fole ſaith in his hart there is no god,
Corrupt are they and full of villanie,
Therfore ſhall they be beate with an yron rodde.
Moros. Can you tell of whom this tale they haue told,

I am a man he knoweth me not now.

Ignorance. Tush, face him out, feare not be bold,
For all this talke he hath of you.

Moros. Sya, shall I drawe my sword or daggar,
It is not best to kill him out of hand.

Ignorance. Tush you are but a craking braggar,
I would se you boldly him to withstand.

Moros. Would to God that pild lousy boy were here,
God Lord what meaneth my man Robinhode.

Ignorance. Are you afrayde for very shame draw nere,
I would let out sum of his sawsie blod.

Moros. God man you, know you who I am,
My beard is growne I am a man now,
You shall repent that hether you came,
I will kill you I make God auow,
A vengeaunce on it, my daggar will not out,
Syr I pray you how my hand doth quake,
Rayle on mee you beggarly loute,
You and I afray will make,
Am I not a Gentleman knaue,
Body of God will you presume,
Truly Candidtie no power I haue,
So great is my angre and fume.

Discipline. A fole vttereth his angre in hast,
And hath not the wit measure to keepe,
Where much angre is, strength is past,
And wisdom is drowned in folly deepe,
As fayer legges to a cripple are vnseemelie,
So to a fole honor is vndecent:
As snow in harueft is vntimelie,
So is it a plague where a fole is regent,
What should a fole do with money or treasure,
Seing that Sapience he can not bye,
In voluptuousnes he walloweth without measure,
As a beastly swine doth in his filthie stye.

Moros Body of God for angre I am like to die,
Where is Robinhode and pild lousy boy,
Calleft thou me fole, I vtterlie thee defie,

Thee

Thee and all thine, this ſwoꝛd ſhall vtterlie deſtroie,
Plucke out my ſwoꝛd god Mandiditie,
Paſſion of God, kill him dowꝛne right.

Ignorance. He ſhould not long liue in tranquilitie,
If I had my perfight ſenſes and ſight,
But be you ruled by my Councell,
Foꝛ this time let vs depart and geue place,
We ſhall ſend them hether that ſhall him compell,
To holde his peace, yea, ſpite of his face.

Moros. Content, content, we will go hence in dæde,
We will ſend to you ere it be long,
Alas where be my ſeruaunts in time of næde,
This tough boꝛeſun foꝛ me is to ſtronge. Go out both.

Diſcipline. As ſcripture calleth this the hieſt ſapience,
God to know, to feare, to loue, and obey,
And the moſt pure and high intelligence,
Is to follow his pꝛecepts night and day,
So God to contempne, to deſpiſe, to hate,
Is ſuch a folly as none is moꝛe extreme,
This is the moſt miſerable ſtate,
Yea, no ſtate at all as wiſe men do eſteme,
When a foole is compaſſed with Impietie,
Which is the contempt of God and his oꝛdinaunces,
And ſuch a foole ꝛeared to authoꝛitie,
The people muſt nædes ſuſtaine many greuaunces.
Foꝛ there God can not be duly honoꝛed,
His holy Sacraments had in eſtimation,
Neither the publique weale rightly gouerned,
But all commeth to vtter diſſipation,
If we ſhould ſay all that might be ſaid,
Of foles in their extreme folly,
How Goddes people by them haue decaied,
Two daies would not ſerue I thinke truly. Go out.

Here entreth People. Intollerabilius nil eſt quam diues auarus,
Quam ſtultus locuples, quam Fortunatus iniquus.
There is nothing moꝛe intollerable,
Then a ritch man that is couetouſe,
A foole wealthy, a wicked man foꝛtunable,

A Judge

A Iudge perciall, an old man lecherous,
Good Lord how are we now molested,
The deuill hath sent one into our countrie,
A monstre whom God and man hath detested,
A fole that came vp from a lowe degre,
My name is people, for I represent
All the people where Moros doth dwell,
Such a person as is with nothing content,
So that we thinke him to be a deuill of hell,
Neyther learning, wisdom nor reason
Will serue where he taketh opinion,
His wordes and actes be al out of season,
By honest men he setteth not an Dynion,
And as he is such is his familie,
Not one honest person, among them I do knowe,
Ruffians, vilaynes, swerers, full of blasphemie,
Despysers of all honest men, both hye and lowe,
A whole Alphabete of his officers
I can recyte though it be not in order,
A rable of Roysterly ruffelers,
Which trouble al honest men in our borders,
As for Impietie, Crueltie, and Ignorance,
Are cheif of his counsell verily,
Idlenes, wrath, and lecherous dalliance,
Are they which in youth kept him company,
Syr Anthony Arrogant Auditour,
Bartilmew bribor, Bayly,
Clement Catchpole, Cofferer,
Diuision double faced daue,
Edmund enuiouse chefe of the Cawery,
Fabian fallhode his head farmer,
Gregory gorbely the goutie,
Gouerneth the grayne in the garner,
Haunce Haserder the horsekeper is,
James the iust is the cheife Iudge,
Leonard Lecherous is man of law, I wisse,
Renolme the knaue is in cokery no drudge,
Martin the murtherer maister of malitie,

Nicoll

Nicoll neuer thrift, the Notary,
Owen ouerwhart, Maſter in Phiſicke,
Quintine the quaffer, for nothing neceſſary,
Raſe Ruffian, the rude raylour,
Steuen ſturdy Maſter Suruayer,
Thomas the theeſe, his cheeſe tailour,
William witleſſe, the great warriour,
With theſe and ſuch like many moe,
We in his circuit be oppreſſed,
For remedie wee wot not whether to goe,
To haue our calamitie redreſſed,
Vnto God only wee referre our cauſe,
Humbly we commit all to his iudgment,
Wee haue offended him and his holy lawes,
Therfore are wee worthy of this puniſhment. Go out.

Moros. Where is he, blood, ſides, hart and woundes,
Entre Furioſely with a gray beard. A man I am now, euery inch of mee,
I ſhall teach the knaue, to kepe his boundes,
What his prating will profit I will ſee,
With me to come I would not ſuffer one,
Yet, ſeruaunts I haue and that plentie,
I my ſelfe, I trow am good inough alone,
Yea, by the Maſſe if there were twentie,
Make no more a do but fend thy heade,
Haue at thee, thou ſhalt know that I am a man,
Fight alone. I will make the that thou ſhalt eat no more bread,
Raple no more at Maſter Poros than,
What there, eyther I haue him ſlaine,
Entre with a terrible viſure. Or elles from my ſight he is fledde,
He is neuer like to trouble me againe,
I warrent him I haue brought him in bedde.
Gods Iudgmẽt The longer thou liueſt, the more fole thou art,
This to the hath bẽn often recited,
For ſo much as thou haſt playd, ſuch a foles part,
As a fole thou ſhalt be iuſtly requited,
I repreſent Gods ſeuere iudgement,
Which vallieth not where to ſtrike he doth purpoſe,
Yether am I ſent to the puniſhment,

Of this impious fole here called Moros,
Who hath fayd there is no God in his hart,
His holy lawes, he had ſtoutly blaſphemed,
Godly Diſcipline could neuer his mind conuart,
Vertue nor honeſtie are not of him eſteemed.

Moros. A Peſtilence take them horeſun knaues,
They are euer abſent when I haue nede,
Horeſunnes bring your clubbes, billes, bowes, & ſtaues,
I ſee that it is time now to take hede.

Gods Iudgmēt According vnto his moſt wicked beleue,
So with his neighbours wickedly he dealeth,
From the poore he doth take and nothing doth geue,
He oppreſſeth, bribeth, defraudeth, and ſtealeth,
If he beleued God, good workes to reward,
And Deuilles wickednes to punish in fire,
His promiſes and threates he would more regard,
Do penance and for mercy deſire,
But ſuch foles in their harts do ſay,
That there is no God, neyther Heauen, nor Hell,
According to their ſaying they follow that way,
Like as a litle before I did tell,
For as much as vengeance to God doth belong,
And hee will the ſame recompence,
That he is a God of power, mightie and ſtrong,
The foles ſhall know by experience,
With this ſword of vengeance I ſtrike thee,

Strike Moros, and let him fall downe. Thy wicked Howſehold ſhalbe diſperſed,
Thy children ſhalbe rooted out to the fourth degree,
Like as the mouth of God hath reherſed.

Moros. Eyther I haue the falling ſickenes,
Or elles with the Palſey I am ſtriken:
I feele in my ſelfe no manner of quickenes,
I beginne now ſtraungly to ſicken.

Gods Iudgmēt If thou haſt grace for mercy now call,
Yet thy ſoule perchaunce thou maiſt ſaue:
For his mercy is aboue his workes all,
On penitent ſinners he is wont mercy to haue.

Moros. It was but a qualme came ouer my hart,

I lacke

I lacke nothing but a cuppe of good Wine.

Gods Iudgmẽt. Entre Confusion with an ill fauoured visure, & all thinges beside ill fauoured.

Indurate wretches can not conuert,
But die in their filthines like swine.
Behold here cometh shame and Confusion,
The reward of such wicked fooles all:
To all the world shall appeare thy abusion,
Thy wickednes, and false beleue to great and small.
Here is an ill fauoured knaue by the Palle,

Moros. Get the hence theefe with a wanion.

Gods Iudgmẽt. This is the reward of such a foolish Asse,
For euermore he shalbe thy companion.

Confusion. The wise shall haue honour in possession,
Thus the wise King Salomon doth say:
But the portion of fooles is Confusion,
Which abideth with them for euer and aye.

Gods Iudgmẽt. Confusion spoyle him of his aray,
Geue him his fooles coate for him due:
His chayne and his staffe take thou away,
In sorow and care for euer let him rue.

Moros. Am I a sleepe, in a dreame, or in a traunce,
Euer me thinke that I should be waking:
Body of God this is a wonderfull chaunce,
I can not stand on my feete for quaking.

Confusion. As the eares of an Asse appeared in Midas,
Though it were long er it were knowne,
So at length euermore it cometh to passe,
That the folly of fooles is openlie blowne,
And then in this world they haue confusion,
That is reproofe, derision, and open shame,
And when they haue ended all their abusion,
They leaue, behind them an abhominable name,
Come foolish Moros, come go with me,
And I shall bring thee to a shamefull ende,
Thy malice will not let the, thy folye to see,
So that thou hast not the grace, thy life to amende.

Moros. Sancte, Amen, where is my goodly geare,
I see well that I was a sleepe indeede,
What am I faine a fooles coate to weare,

We must learne at Christ crosse me speede,
Other I was a Gentleman and had seruauntes,
Or els I dreamed that I was a Gentleman.

Confusion. But thou art now a pesant of al pesantes,
A derision and mocke to Man and Woman,
Cum forth of thy folly to receiue thy hyre,
Confusion, pouertye, sickenes, and punishment,
And after this life eternall fyre,
Due for soles that be impenitent.

Moros. Go with thee ill fauoured knaue,
I had leuer thou wert hanged by the necke,
If it please the Deuill me to haue,
Let him carry me away on his backe.

Confusion. I will carry thee to the Deuill in deede,
The world shalbe well ridde of a sole.

Moros. A dew to the Deuill God send vs good speede,
An other while with the Deuill I must go to schole.

Gods Iudgmẽt For sinne though God suffreth Impietie,
Greatly to the dishonour of his name,
Yet at length he throweth downe Iniquitie,
And putteth the Authours therof to shame,
So confounded he tyrantes in times past,
Whom holy Scripture soles doth call,
For as beastes here their times they did wast,
And from our wickednes to an other did fall,
What shall we neede their names to recite,
Seing that euery man hath of them heard,
In our times we haue knowne soles full of spite,
And in this world haue seene their reward,
We do not only them soles call here,
Which haue not the perfight vse of reason,
Innocents wherof be many farre and nere,
In whom discretion is geason,
But those are the greatest soles properly,
Which disdaine to learne sapience,
To speake, to do, to worke, all thinges orderly,
And as God hath giuen intelligence,
But contrarie to nature and Gods will,

They

They ſtoppe their eyes through wilfull Ignorance,
They ſeke to ſlea, to priſon, to pole, to pill,
Only for their owne furtherance,
Of all foles indéede this is the worſt kinde,
Wherof this time we haue treated,
Which to all miſchiefe geueth his minde,
And refuſeth to be inſtructed,
Many thinges moe of foles we could talke,
But we haue detained long our audience,
An other way I am compelled to walke,
Entre all. iii. Deſiring you a while to haue patience. Go out.
Exercitation. Although this fole of whom we haue ſpoken,
Hath refuſed all honeſt exerciſe,
Yet the harts of wiſemen God doth open,
Vertuouſe occupation not to deſpiſe,
For vndoubtedly it is as hard as they ſay,
To get the ſcepter out of the hand of Hercules,
As for one to be well occupied night or day,
That is nuſeled in vnhappy Idlenes,
For as Theophilactus doth write,
Idlenes hath taught all iniquitie,
And as Ezechiel alſo doth recite,
Idlenes taught the Sodomites impietie,
Neuer will I beleue that man good to be,
Whether he be of the Clergie or Lay,
Whom Idle and not well occupied I ſée,
Which do nothing but eate, drinke, and play.
Pietie. We deſire no man here to be offended,
In that we vſe this terme Pietie,
Which is deſpiſed and vily pended,
Of ſinners and Authours of Iniquitie,
For the Heathen Philoſophers and Oratours,
Vſed the ſame terme and in the ſame ſence,
Learned Chriſtians true worſhippers,
Created of Pietie with his ſcience,
Plato, Ariſtotle, Valerius, and Tully,
Wrote of Pietie and diuerſe other,
And called it an honour due to God only,

And a naturall dutie to Father and Mother,
Saint Augustine in his booke of Gods citie,
And in other Noble worke that he did make,
Treateth holily of this terme Pietie,
And as he doth take it, so do we it take,
Ipsa est illa sapientia quæ Pietas vocatur,
Qua colitur Pater luminum:
A quo est omne datum optimum.
That is the hiest sapience notified,
Which is called Pietie in dæde,
Wherby the Father of light is worshipped,
From whom euery good gift doth procæde.

Discipline. Touching my person called Discipline,
In the processe, I haue said sufficient,
Yet to ende with some honeste doctrine,
You shall here a learned mans iudgement,
There be many Disciplines as Authours do say,
Among all, there be two principall,
That be Scire & Sapere alway,
To haue cunning and wisdom withall.

Exercitation. Vt fluuiosus habens gladium, sic doctus iniquus.
Without faile this is a notable verse,
I would all men could it well by roate,
The sentence therof Salomon doth reherse,
I wishe all the audience it to noate,
A wicked man hauing learning and cunning,
And doth many sciences vnderstand,
Is like one whose wittes are running,
I meane a madde man hauing a sword in his hand.

Pietie. For a madde man hauing in his hand edge tole,
Seketh both him selfe and other to kill,
So a cunning man without wisdom is but a fole,
For both him selfe and many other he doth spill,
Wherfore who so euer hath intelligence,
Let him humblie desire of God euermore,
That he will also geue him sapience,
To bestowe his cunning to his honour.

This

Discipline. This is the sum of the hole intent,
To induce youth to these two aforesaide,
Scire & Sapere you know what is ment,
Then many thinges amisse shalbe well staide.

Exercitation. To learne many thinges, and many thinges to know,
Then to haue wisdom the same to direct,
These be two Disciplines meete for hye and lowe,
Which to all vertues do the minde erect.

Pietie. For this time wee haue sayd sufficient,
With Scire and Sapere we make an ende,
Beseching our Lord God omnipotent,
That among vs his grace he may sende.

Discipline. And here we make an ende trusting that all you present
Will beare vs record that no estate we defame:
To prayse the good order, now set is our intent,
And to further the glory of Gods holy name.

Exercitation. God saue the Queenes Highnes, and the Nobilitie,
Defend her long we beseeche thee Lorde:
Which is the Patronesse of all humilitie,
A setter forth of truth, and louer of concord.

Pietie. God preserue the Quænes most honorable Councell,
With all the Magistrates of this Region,
That they may agree to maintaine Gods Gospell,
Which is the most true and sincere Religion,
To rote out Antechrist I pray God they may take payne
Then will the Lord send them honour and fame,
And after this life, geue them the reward of the same.

Discipline. Pray wee for the Clergie and hole Spiritualtie,
That they may teach and set forth Gods truth alway,
I beseeche you, let vs pray for the hole communaltie,
That vpon vs all, God mercy take may,
So that eche one of vs, in the right way may staye,
All glory, honour, impery, maiestie, and dignitie,
Be geuen both now & euermore to the blessed Trinitie.

FINIS.

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Wager, William
The longer thou livest the more fool thou art

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